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sterner impress upon her still fair face—or, as Byron has chastely and poetically described it,

“ Before decay’s effacing fingers
Had swept the lines where beauty lingers,”

and, oh ! the serenity of that seraph smile which still dwelt in the last expression of her beauteous countenance !—never can I forget it ;—it seemed to speak the peace and composure of the spirit departed—and to whisper, even in death, affection and forgiveness towards him who, by his melancholy infatuation, hurried her so quickly from the scenes of earth. Forgive me, my friend, the remembrance of that lovely woman excites emotions which I cannot sufficiently control. She is still present to my mind—fair and fading as an early rose rudely severed from its parent stem.

SOL.

Well, Doctor, although I may possess little of the “ milk of human kindness,” yet I have sufficient to restrain me from rudely trifling with what is evidently to you a tender subject ; nor will I, moreover, as I might, proceed to prove that the facts you have related affect not my side of the question.

EDITOR.

Thanks, friend Sol. for your kind consideration ; but with regard to our debate, I find that your opinions are too strongly influenced by your inclinations, to be moved by any arguments against them ; and as we are cautioned not to throw pearls where they will be trampled, I shall, with your permission, move an adjournment of the question *sine die*.

SOL.

Well, here’s a better way of thinking to your “ Abstinence Society,” and better health and better arguments to its gouty advocate—your servant, Doctor.

(Clears a bumper, and bows himself out.)

THE DAY-DREAM.

And is it gone—and is it gone ?
And was it but a dream ?
Are all the hopes so bright that shone,
Fled, like a meteor’s gleam ?

’Tis so—’tis so—that brilliant show
Was like the rainbow’s ray,
Beam’d with a moment’s peerless glow,
Then died in tears away.

Like this—like this—a tone of bliss
That pains us as it dies,
Or that wild lamp which leads amiss,
Still luring as it flies.

A fairy scene—a fairy scene
That mocks the gazer’s eye ;
A lake on Eastern desert seen—
A landscape on the sky.

’Twas like the glow of fruits that grow
By Sodom’s waveless waste,
Which lure the eye with beauty’s show,
While ashes mock the taste.

It was like these—it was like these,
 As beauteous and as vain,
 As formed to offer shapes that please—
 Then fill the soul with pain.

'Tis o'er—'tis o'er—my dream is o'er ;
 I wake to sober truth,
 Where joy's fair flower shall bloom no more
 To deck my brow of youth.

ANNA MARIA.

Black Rock.

ALLEY SHERIDAN—AN IRISH STORY.

It would be difficult to see a prettier country girl, when dressed in her rural finery, than the heroine of the following story. Alley Sheridan's name, to use a phrase peculiar to her own class in life, "went far an' near for bein' the purtiest an' the dacentest girl in the parish, let the other be who she might"—a compliment to her beauty and goodness perfectly just. Alley's father had been dead since her infancy; but her mother was one of those notable, active, shrewd women, who verify the proverb, that one pair of eyes are worth two pair of hands. The fact is, that her husband, Owen Sheridan, was a tall, smoking personage, remarkable for laziness and taciturnity—slovenly in his dress, and careless in his business to such an incurable degree, that neither the energy nor eloquence of his wife could throw life or activity into his habits, or train him to industry or exertion. Owen was well to do in the world, because it so happened that his father had left him a large farm at an exceedingly light rent, together with a "skillet full of guineas," which he seemed to accumulate for no other purpose than that of leaving them to his hopeful heir. Upon the old man's death, Owen occupied the farm somewhat according to the manner in which Dominie Sampson occupied his new clothes, and smoked over the corpse just as he would have done over that of any other acquaintance. As for the skillet of guineas, he never took the trouble of invading the privacy in which they lay, until after his marriage, when his wife insisted upon exercising her right and skill in computing them, that she might know at least their numerical amount.

When Owen found himself at the head of the farm, he continued to smoke on and saunter about the hills as usual. Other men might have become smart, and have assumed a little consequence upon the occasion. But Owen was a stranger to that painful secret, how to think; he knew, as was generally supposed, that he had the farm in his own right—although there were several who demurred even to his knowledge of that fact;—at all events, he inhabited the house, and came to seek his meals—not at the usual hours, 'tis true—but whenever he wanted to light his pipe; for, this being his great master passion, eating and drinking were performed rather by an association arising out of that act, than from the impulses of appetite.

In this manner Owen smoked for several years, until his mother had judged it high time for a change in his condition; and accordingly, one evening, she desired him to put on his hat and accompany her on a short journey. Owen took it down from a peg behind the door, dropped it sluggishly on his head, and crushing his pipe against the end of a half-burned turf, which he lifted from the fire, put it into his mouth, and set out, without asking his guide a single question. The honest woman